THE CARMELITE

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This Issue in Miniature

THEATRE. More about "Quality Street" opening at the Golden Bough on Saturday night, with an all-Peninsula cast; "old days" at the Golden Bough will be relived; page five.

MUSIC. Dora Hagemeyer reviews the sensitive strange cadences and tonalities of Ratan Devi's Indian Music; at the Gallery; page four.

THE ARTS. Edward Weston's exhibit of photographs, reviewed by Harriet Brown Seymour, a new writer in the Carmelite columns; page six. A definite move made for a permanent Art Gallery for Carmel; opening of the new Crafts Exchange; page seven. Moira Wallace exhibits in San Francisco; page five.

ARCHITECTURE. Charles Sumner Greene, the noted Carmel architect, responds to Hugh Ferriss in a thoughtful article of today; page three.

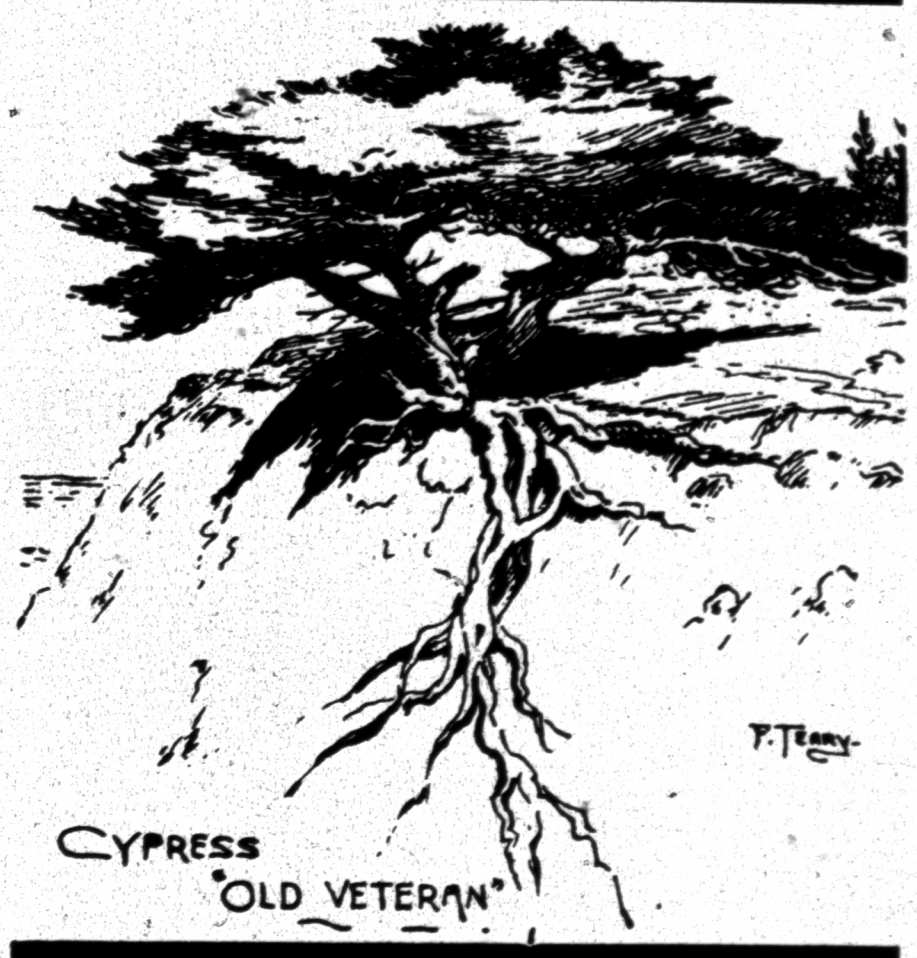
POETRY. Lenin in State, a poem of portents, by Sophie Feider; page nine; John Malta, "Carmel carpenter" reappears on our first page with a poem about the cypress.

A PICTRESQUE WANDERER. A new anonymous writer, in "Coal Boy," describes another kind of "tourist" who finds his way to Carmel; pages twelve and thirteen.

STRANDED, at thirty-two below zero, with Frank Sheridan; page eleven.

BOOKS. Frederick O'Brien initiates a regular weekly contribution to The Carmelite. His brilliant review of Fred Bechdolt's "Giants of the Old West"; page ten. Col. C. E. S. Wood to publish a new book; page thirteen.

GULCH GAZING. Orrick Johns discusses signs of the times and our contributors.



MONTEREY CYPRESS

BY JOHN MALTA

I, a cypress, in my seed
Knew the ocean was my need.
In the close and secret life
Of my core I learned that strife
Of wind and surge on thudding sand
Was for me; I must withstand
Anger from the sea that came
Farther than the western flame;
I could speak the west wind's own
Language as it blew me down.

Windless days I grew to sea,
But wind made me grow back on me;
Where my growing changed I spread
Newer elbows round my head;
I am old and where I branch
The thews are thickened to be staunch.

Now behold I am a page,
Writ between repose and rage.
Carven to the smallest trace
The sea is in my tortured grace.
Naked bear I lettered limbs
Annotated by her hymns.

Carmel News

APPROACH OF THE MUSIC SOCIETY SEASON

With the entire centre section of the Golden Bough sold to season-ticket holders, and the public seat sale not yet opened, the Carmel Music Society is beginning its fourth annual season with sure augury of success. This means primarily bringing to Carmel music in the finest sense, music that is stripped of superficiality and hackneyed over-performance, and carries to its audience a message of eternal actuality. Programs will be of highest excellence, and performers those who have reached their goal not only by virtue of their native gifts but by their integrity in the use and expression of their talents.

Gieseking is such an one. When he played in Carmel three years ago, the house was sold out, and those who listened are still remembering the marvel of that evening. Now that he is coming again, with the added maturity and growth that great artists never cease to show, an even greater evening of music may be expected.

The public seat sale opens next Wednesday morning, November fifth, at eleven o'clock, in the Denny-Watrous Gallery, and from then on seats will be on sale daily from eleven until five. Those who desire season tickets and have not yet made reservations are urged to call at the Gallery as soon as possible to make their selection of seats.

Gieseking offers on his program this year the last sonata of Beethoven, the immortal Opus III. It will be one of the few opportunities the West has had to hear this great work. He will play also the B flat Partita of Bach, some Scarlatti Sonatas, the Schumann Symphoniques, and a group of Debussy and Ravel.

* * *

AN IMPRESSION OF GIESEKING IN PARIS

A Carmel lady who has heard all the great musicians of our time is quoted as follows regarding her impression of a concert given by Gieseking in Paris:

"Well, my first thought is that there isn't anything to say about Gieseking. There is no comment you feel need be made. I have only known one other pianist to touch him in magic. That was Busoni. You almost forget his great technique because the expression finally goes so far beyond it.

"I remember one incident showing the distinction between his musical personality and the man. He came upon the stage before the concert, found something wrong about the piano, and asked to have it fixed. He was smiling, genial, courteous, a charming person during this little scene. He left the stage while the arrangements were being made. When he appeared again it was a totally different presence, a masked, enigmatic force.

"I like him best in Bach, Scarlatti and Debussy, and I am glad he is going to play these here. Paris is Gieseking-mad and I for one can see why."

DAMAGE SUIT

An action has been filed in the Superior Court at Salinas against the city of Carmel, asking damages in the sum of $26,089. The complainant is Mrs. Eva Douglas, who alleges that she sustained a broken leg as the result of a fall on Sixth street. The accident is stated to have occurred on July twenty-fifth.

THE GIRL SCOUTS

Twelve young women interested in helping the Girl Scouts were present for the first lesson in a Leaders Training course which Miss Betty Phillips, the Captain of Carmel and Pacific Grove Girl Scouts, will give for a few successive weeks, on Tuesday afternoons at two o'clock at the Scout House.

Any who are interested in the Girl Scout program or in helping with the Scouts are invited to be present.

CHILDREN'S BOOK HOUR

Miss Hortense Berry, librarian of the Harrison Memorial Library is to conduct a series of "Book Hours" for children beginning next Saturday, from ten to eleven o'clock.

The first and third Saturdays of each month will be assigned to younger children—third, fourth and fifth grades; the second and fourth Saturdays to children of the upper grades in grammer school.

Miss Berry deserves the full co-operation of parents in charting youthful steps along book paths.

THE CARMEL WOMAN'S CLUB

Those who heard Mrs. Robert Dean, of San Francisco, speak in Carmel during the Hoover campaign will be eager to accept the invitation of the Carmel Woman's Club to hear Mrs. Dean on Monday, November third, at two-thirty in the Girl Scout House, when she will discuss the propositions submitted on the ballot to the vote of the electors.

Mrs. Dean is a delightful and informing speaker and has had a wide experience as executive and speaker in civic activities, and as representative of various causes before the legislature. She was a leader in the San Francisco Clean-Up campaign in which leading men's and women's organizations took part and was one of the founders of the California League of Women Voters.

A special invitation has been sent to the Monterey Peninsula League of Women Voters to attend this open meeting. Tea will be served, with Mrs. Vera Peck Millis as hostess for the Woman's Club. It has been suggested that if persons attending bring the sample ballot which has been distributed to all voters, it will facilitate an intelligent following of the speaker's information and comments.

Miss Spencer, secretary of the Monterey Peninsula Community Chest, will also give a short talk on the needs of the Chest, the annual drive for which starts on December first.

The November program of the club follows:

Book Section, November fifth and nineteenth.
Current Events, November twelfth and twenty-sixth.
Bridge Section, November tenth and twenty-fourth.

These meetings will be held at the Girl Scout House.

The Garden Section will meet on November sixth and twentieth, the first meeting of the month being held at the home of Mrs. Samuel Barling on North Casanova.

JAPANESE SINGER IN CARMEL

Takane Nambu, Japanese soprano, will give a recital at the Denny-Watrous Gallery on Sunday, November sixteenth. Madame Nambu was heard in Monterey on October eighteenth at a benefit recital on behalf of the church of the Japanese fishing community. Her Carmel appearance is in response to the urgent request of many Carmel persons who heard her at that recital. Madame Nambu's program will include arias from Italian operas, Japanese folksongs, and songs of her own composition..

THE VILLAGE COBBLER wishes to announce that now is a good time to have your shoes rebuilt before the winter rains set in. We offer you a hundred per cent material and workmanship. Our work guaranteed. Clarence W. Wentworth, San Carlos near Ocean.

—ADVT.

Architecture and the Machine Age

A Response to Hugh Ferriss

by CHARLES SUMNER GREENE

Why do we call ourselves Carmelites? Name preempted. We may decide to call ourselves Carmelians, but for myself I hope not. Is this the ingrownness of some of us? I admit, but why be so nice when we understand this much of ourselves? This message of yours from New York, Hugh Ferriss*, brings back that worried feeling of unreasoning haste. Ceaseless conflicting energies—of congruous incongruity. As I read a page of The Carmelite, I forget Carmel with its pines ,sand dunes, and droning tides, and feel again the heavy vaporous pall with its acrid tang that makes breathing difficult. It was in this kind of place that I became painfully aware of the lack, in everything around me, of the inspired work of the artist. Shall I apologize for the word inspired? Since I may say other foolish things just let it pass. This message from you, Hugh Ferriss, revives all the old aches and pains that I thought to leave in the city.

We know you for the artist underneath —the black and white visualizer of a belief fathered by the wish of a machine-made empire, without country or home. Perhaps, after all, the machine may be the next step to world unity. Who knows but through this love of machinery, man's magnavox of strife may wear itself smooth and silent for the voice of the artist. If not lack of material must let the fire go out.

We know you for the observer by that description of polished metal and glass, that twelve hundred feet of the Empire building. What an ambitious name. But there is a plaint of the artist in your words that makes us want to hand you sympathy; other Man Hatteners seem mad to Carmelites—so we stop thinking about them.

Turning to history—though Mr. Ford says it is "the bunk"—it seems as if trade and religion were at the bottom of all great age-long movements. When Religion dominates, it organizes and selects for the heads of departments mostly creative artists, whatever their calling may be.

When Trade dominates it organizes and selects for the heads of departments mostly scientists and craftsmen.

This is why there are no creative artist-builders of today. Trade does not need creators but craftsmen—men who know tools and materials. Men who bungle with their tools to express their emotion would wreck the works. Well, we will have to admit that the craftsman may be a kind of artist—the artist of adaptation. This is the man trade employs and he is busy now exploiting all past creative art extant. There is not a form in so-called modern art that cannot be traced to the past. Sometimes the building designer works it upside down; he mixes sacred and profane. Even all this might still be to a purpose, but he has no other purpose than to dazzle the beholder into extravagance of thought or act.

And as for tools. . . . Man loves tools and ever since he picked up the first stone and tore off a limb of a tree he has set all his cunning to produce tools. Sometimes he is so pleased with them that he forgets to use them. Just now he rejoices in the biggest tools ever known and he mentally lays them on the altar of his unrecognized god and never thinks to take them down.

They have no language but that of "whoopee." If they don't advertise themselves they are not a success.

But stop; why so serious? If man is still a child that loves to see the wheels go round he can't be so different from the Greeks. They also had a passion for the machine. The age of Pericles was one of organized effort and the famous Parthenon was probably at that time the pride of mass production. How the New Yorkers would smile at that. Well, we Carmelites may smile too. As I look over the pine trees, Autumn sun in Carmel is soft and golden in clear sky, there is no hint of factory effluvia or glare of Great White Way. Never is it further from crowds than the end of summer and before Easter holidays.

The infinitely great and infinitely small seem merged in the drowsy mumble of water neither ocean or stream There is the Jeffers tower. What do we care about monstrously high buildings and crowds of legs and rubber tires, but we are glad to hear from you, Hugh Ferriss.

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* The allusion is to the article "Architecture in New York—and Carmel," by Hugh Ferriss, internationally recognized authority, which appeared in last week's issue of The Carmelite.—ED.

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MAGICAL SINGING OF RATAN DEVI

Before singing her songs at the Denny-Watrous Gallery last night, Ratan Devi told us a little about Indian music. The Indian musician sits close to his audience and endeavors to establish such a unity that the music actually becomes magical. The voice begins delicately like a distant wind, so frail that it can scarcely be heard. The complete attention of the audience is essential if the music is to have its proper effect.

The raga is the mould or plan of the song. This raga is communicated by the teacher to his pupil who then improvises upon the theme defined. There are ragas for the morning and ragas for the evening; ragas for spring and for winter. No musician ever thinks of singing a raga out of season. Thus the music of India is indeed a part of the actual seasonal life of the people. There is nothing haphazard about it.

The instrument used to accompany the voice is usually the tambura. Ratan Devi had with her a tambura made of the wood of the bread-fruit tree. It was beautiful to look at. The only instrument used alone in India is the vina, which is so difficult to learn that very few master it.

Ratan Devi began her program with a little song of invocation calling for the blessing of God upon the singing. This is the customary way of all Indian musicians. The beautifully modulated voice, subject to a thousand fine changes of tone and color, the sensitive hands following each inflection, created a rare vehicle of interpretation for the songs.

Then came the beautiful and whimsical raga of Krishna the Divine Herdsman and Radha the milkmaid. This song increased gradually in tempo until it lost itself in swiftness and died away. One of the most beautiful songs began with a long note which Ratan Devi said was to invoke all the tones so that they might be ready when the singer needed them.

Folk-songs seem to be beneath the dignity of the Indian musician. Ratan Devi said that she had the greatest difficulty to get her teacher to let her learn one. When she did it was a song from the mountains and she sang it to us. It had a delightful rhythm and was perhaps less subtle than some of the others, though more spontaneous and immediate. The Kashmiri cradle-songs were sung unaccompanied and the tender resonant voice of the singer gave them a quality of compassion seldom equalled in music. The last song, which was learned from a group of beautiful Kashmiri girls, was so fragile in texture and so finely spun that one had to hush even one's thoughts to listen to it.

There could be no more lovely picture than Ratan Devi singing. Dressed in her Indian Costume of wide rose-colored skirts and embroidered jacket with a head-dress of fine gold-threaded linen, her tambura held against her cheek she was like a figure from some old Rajput painting.

D. H.

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THEATRE OF THE
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SATURDAY & SUNDAY
THIS WEEK-END NOVEMBER 1 & 2
THE CHARMING COMEDY
Quality Street
The famous Barry play, NOT the picture
the picture adapted from it
Staged by EDWARD KUSTER with a capable
Monterey Peninsula Cast
Phone 480 or 163 for reserve seats
Admission $1, $1.50—
Tickets from 2 to 5 at *Kiosk* opposite the post-office.
Curtain at 8:30

W. I. L. P. F.

The Women's International League for Peace and Freedom will meet at the home of the Misses Kellogg, Casanova street near Ninth, Sunday evening, November second, at eight o'clock, to begin a study of the League of Nations. Miss Mary Bulkley will give an outline of the League and Miss Hortense Berry will report on Intellectual Co-operation. The meetings are open to everyone interested.

GIFTED CHILDREN

Some of the jolliest community suppers Carmel has ever known have been given by the Parent-Teachers Association. On November twelfth, Mr. J. R. McKillop, new superintendent of Monterey High School, is to talk on "Gifted Children," (meaning all Carmel offspring, of course), and to celebrate the event, Lita Bathen and a capable committee are planning a spaghetti supper with Olivia Warfield mixing the magic sauce.

Thirty-five cents will admit the parent of each gifted child, and a good meal is promised as well as a "feast of reason and flow of soul."

The Theatre

"QUALITY STREET" THIS WEEK-END

The local production of "Quality Street," at the Theatre of the Golden Bough (the stage-play, not the picture version of Barrie's comedy) holds the interest of Carmel this week-end. The long list of well-known Monterey Peninsula players, under the direction of Edward Kuster, is reminiscent of the former splendid days of the Golden Bough, in which more than sixty notable plays were performed before it was turned over to motion picture presentation.

There is no need of favorable mention of Barrie's masterpiece of light comedy. "Quality Street" has ever been a prime favorite in all countries where English is spoken. In Germany also this play is a never-failing source of pleasure. In this country it has long been associated with the names of Maude Adams and Grace George.

Constance Heron, Marie Gordon and Charles McGrath, supported by a large cast of local players, admirably sustain the roles, respectively, of Phoebe and Susan Throssel and the gallant Captain Brown, one of the most delightful and whimsical "triangles" in dramatic literature.

The music has been selected from the works of composers living at the time of the action of the play—Schubert, Mozart, Beethoven and the famous "Minuet" of Boccherini. The dances in the school-room scene are under the direction of Willette Allen, of the Carmel School of Dancing.

A large audience is expected to attend the two performances Saturday and Sunday evenings, special interest attaching to the fact that this will probably be the last stage play, and certainly the last local play, in the Golden Bough for a number of years, owing to recent leasing arrangements. It is understood that there will be professional vaudeville and motion picture prologues, but the tearing out of the forestage and other changes necessary to make the plant completely suitable for motion pictures will vitally affect the character of the house from a purely theatrical and musical standpoint. "Quality Street," accordingly sings the swan-song of the famous forestage, which has been the delight of artists and theatrical connoisseurs since its inception six years ago. Director Kuster declares, however, that it will be a merry song, an *"au revoir* but not good-bye" affair.

Tickets are on sale, not at the Theatre of the Golden Bough but at the *kiosk* opposite Carmel postoffice, which will be open daily from two to five o'clock.

THE DRAWING ON OUR COVER

Miss Florence Terry, whose sketch of an old cypress tree appears on the front page of this issue of The Carmelite, has her working quarters in the charming little shop called" The Window Witch," on Ocean Avenue, where she has on display a number of attractive Christmas card designs, and other gifts.

MOIRA WALLACE EXHIBIT

At the East-West Gallery, 609 Sutter street, San Francisco, a joint exhibition will open Saturday, November first, of the work of Moira Wallace and Stuart O'Brien, of Carmel.

Moira Wallace will have a showing of decorative oils and blocks, while Stuart O'Brien's contribution to the show will be photographic portrait studies. The exhibition will continue until November fifteenth.

CARMEL MUSIC SOCIETY

1930-1931 SEASON

OPENING CONCERT

GIESEKING PIANIST

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 11 AT 8:30

THEATRE OF THE GOLDEN BOUGH

AGUILAR LUTE QUARTET — January 20

MINA HAGER, CONTRALTO — February 3

PIATIGORSKY, 'CELLIST — March 10

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EDWARD WESTON, THE SEER

To be able to accept the gift—yours for the taking—offered you in the Weston exhibit at the Denny-Watrous Gallery, this week, you must take with you, when you go, not only your eyes but what Walter Lippman in his definition of ideals, calls "an imaginative understanding."

For Weston's goal is, I infer, not only to image in sharp clearness what is at first glance apparent, but to reveal through a penetrating lens in the hand of an eager prophet, a visionary scientist, a much-seeing artist, more than the obvious.

Not necessarily more only in conceptive content, but more as I understand it, of elemental physical detail.

What at first impression seemed in Walt Whitman a careless, casual, catalogue of commonplaces, considered thoughtfully revealed a beauty of relationship that bound these thoughts and things into a perfect pattern, a restful harmony. And here's another list: shells and stones, and vegetables! We see a common eggplant on a plain white plate, but neither common nor plain apply to, or describe, the circle design; (made with these materials by the hand of the artist) tone circles so full of contrast in line and color as to make a perfect rhythm, therefore a deep quiet. Perhaps this achievement in balance between motion and rest, through rhythmical movement in design or pattern, is the reason artists call these studies "Still Life." Cut a cabbage in two, catch its beauty by the light through the lens and we remember the fantastic fairy pattern in a marble column in the Mormon Temple. And in the heart of an artichoke there's a design for the rhythm of growing, we hear it pulsing and throbbing, as we hear the beating of wings in Brancusi's "Bird in Flight."

* * *

To write something descriptive about a work of art, is to interfere with your power to think something on your own, at the behest of the suggestive power contained in the artist's achievement in formulating his vision, his poetic content, his philosophic inference.

Passing along the line of these pictures, some alchemy will surely change the onlooker into an observer, the observer to the man of vision, the visionary to the man of inner understanding—The Rich Man. HARRIET BROWN SEYMOUR.

* * *

Edward Weston's exhibit at the Denny-Watrous Gallery, a duplicate of his current showing in New York, will continue until November sixth.

GAY WALTON, MODERN

A breezy young Middle-Westerner, scarcely five feet tall, whose father began her training in the handling of finances while she was still in school, sits in her own private office at the Julius H. Kayser Company, New York, and nonchalantly plans the spending of one million dollars of the firm's money every year. . . . Thus begins a special article in the New York "Evening Post" of recent date, having for its subject Miss Gay S. Walton, who is now in Carmel visiting her mother, Mrs. Edward Walton, on San Antonio. The following additional paragraphs are taken from the "Evening Post" interview:

It is something over eight years now since Gay Walton entered the employ of the Kayser organization, and just about seven years and nine months that she has held the title of advertising manager. She didn't go there to be advertising manager. She didn't, in fact, she declared the other day, even want to be when the opportunity unexpectedly presented itself.

"I can't bear detail," she confessed, "and a job like this is full of detail. But of course it was a wonderful opportunity for me and it would have been silly to throw it away just because there were things about it I didn't like. So I took it."

. . . Being left to work out her own problems was a responsibility that came early to Gay Walton, and the training it gave her, she is convinced, has been an important factor in leading her up to the point of achievement she has already reached. "My father believed in having all of us learn to make our own decisions," she said. "He wanted us to learn to think for ourselves, to form the habit of making independent judgments."

Following high school, Gay Walton went to finishing school in Connecticut, "because I had heard that at that school they had fine riding horses," studied art in New York, tried advertising work in Minneapolis for a while and then hied herself to New York and soon found herself a valued member of the Kayser silk organization. Now, in addition to directing the company's advertising in the United States, she has under her supervision an office in London, from which the firm's advertising in ten European countries is done, an office in Australia, one in New Zealand and one in the Argentine.

* * *

Miss Walton came to Carmel on a holiday trip by way of Panama and will return to New York by air.

TOWARD A PERMANENT GALLERY FOR CARMEL

The Carmel Art Association held a get-together luncheon at Hotel LaRibera last Thursday. In the absence of the president, Mr. William Ritschel, who sent greetings to the club with his regrets, the first vice-president, Miss J. M. Culbertson, presided.

After referring to the sad loss the club has recently sustained in the death of Mr. Homer F. Emens and of Mr. Theodore Criley, and paying a special tribute to the late Mr. Emens, who was so closely identified with the work of the association, she reviewed briefly the history of the past three years. The association did not open its gallery until October, 1927, giving two exhibitions that Fall. In 1928, its banner year, it gave six general exhibitions, besides a show of F. Luis Mora's work—a most notable exhibition—and also a very interesting one of Miss Charlton Fortune's work. It also sent out a travelling exhibit in that year. In 1929 it held four shows, but in September the association decided that the expenses of rent and salary of a curator were too much of a drain upon its slender resources and consequently they gave up their gallery and decided to wait and work for a permanent place. The attendance at the gallery was over four thousand during fourteen months, no previous records having been kept. About sixty pictures were sold, mostly etchings. Since that time only one exhibition has been held—that of the past summer at the Denny-Watrous Gallery.

Mayor Herbert Heron assured the assembled company that he was much interested in seeing the association secure a gallery and if the members would present a concrete proposition to the Council he would do what he could to further the project.

Thomas Vincent Cator advocated a combination of the different organizations and thought that in this way sufficient funds might be secured to purchase land and erect a building that would house not only the Art Association, but other local organizations as well. He thought it would not be difficult to find fifteen men who would advance, without interest, one thousand dollars each for this purpose and he would be glad to be one of them.

Chappel Judson said that a gallery was absolutely essential to the life of an art association; it could not exist without one. Arthur Hill Gilbert also spoke strongly in favor of the proposal.

W. H. Normand, treasurer of the association, spoke of the need of a place where the work of the artists could be seen. He said there was rarely a day when strangers did not come to his office and ask where they could see the work of the Carmel artists. George Seideneck also spoke in agreement with Mr. Normand.

Carmel is known the country over as an art centre and the coming of the new coast highway will bring thousands of tourists, one of whose chief objectives will be Carmel and the work of its artists.

A meeting for further discussion of the subject is being held this (Thursday) afternoon at Miss Culbertson's studio, Lincoln and Seventh.

CARMEL CRAFTS OPENING

Through the efforts of Messrs. George Seideneck, Herbert Heron and James Gillingham, Carmel is going to have another place where the beautiful handwork of Carmel craftsmen can be seen and purchased by its admirers.

This is not primarily a business undertaking and there will be no middle-man profits involved. It is intended to give an opportunity to the crafts workers of Carmel and the peninsula to bring their products directly to the attention of the public. All sales will be made on a commission basis, and all profits over and above expenses will go to the artists and designers who have made Carmel crafts what they are.

The opening will be on Friday, October thirty-first—Hallowe'en night—with a reception from eight to twelve. Everyone is invited to come and view the exhibit and meet the artists. On this opening occasion nothing will be sold. The selling function of the Crafts Exchange begins Saturday morning, November first.

Among the distinguished local craftsmen and women represented are the following: Gordon Newell, wood-carving, primitives; John Catlin, iron and stone; Catherine Seideneck, leather; Verl Hamlin, copper and brass; E. R. Moffitt, furniture; Anne Grant, pottery. Jean Morrison will be in active charge of the Exchange, which will occupy the large studio at the Seven Arts.

CARMEL CLEANING WORKS

Telephone

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DOLORES NEAR OCEAN CARMEL

The Directors

of

The Crafts Exchange

invite you to their opening

on

Friday Evening, October Thirty-first

Eight to Twelve

In the Court of the Seven Arts

GULCH NOTES

by O. J.

AN ESSAY ON THESE TIMES

I ask myself what most people are thinking about at this moment. Well, the answer comes; it is unemployment. Everybody is uneasy about unemployment, wondering why it is, *what* it is. Some queer things happen. People to whom the stock market means nothing as a rule, are now apt to think about the stock market. They seem to see some sort of magic in it, as if it were a barometer of hopes. If it jumps up one fine day, like a good fairy, unemployment will end and all will be well. If it does not, unemployment will go on.

What do I actually know about unemployment? It is a terrible sounding word, but what else? I seem to know that it is an enormously prevalent state of semi-hopelessness on the part of unknown, unseen, uncounted men. Even so, it still remains a matter of words. If I could *see* those millions of men, without food, carfare gone, with paper soles in their shoes—well, I know something about that, I've seen something of it. . . But still I can't imagine it multiplied by millions. If I could I should want my senses to stop working, probably.

And now they say that Arthur Woods is going to work for President Hoover to get jobs for the unemployed and to relieve their families. How is he going to do it? There is over-production and no consumption, they say. There is private saving and no confidence, they say. There is industry determined not to run unless people buy, and there are people determined not to buy. Well, Arthur Woods is going to undertake the job, without salary, and about Arthur Woods I do happen to know something.

I lived in New York in 1914 and 1915. In those years Arthur Woods was police commissioner under John Purroy Mitchell, the finest young mayor New York ever had. Arthur Woods changed the police of that city in a short time into a decent, efficient, law-abiding body. You could feel it everywhere you went. The ordinary citizen knew the difference. The police were turned into humane and courteous men trying to help life run along and lessen trouble.

Knowing this about Arthur Woods I warm up when I hear he has undertaken to relieve unemployment. I believe in him and hope he will succeed. But I know something else about unemployment. It is a deeper disease than the relief measures of Arthur Woods can effect. Even the good fairy of the stock exchange, if it jumps up, can only put it off for a few more years, for another "producing-consuming cycle."

Without being a politician or an economist I know that. The machine says it must be so.

§ §

Thinking of machines and American unemployment, I can't help but turn to Russia next. In Russia there is a man named Stalin. It seems that Lenin disliked Stalin, but from what we hear about him he is a strong man. He ruthlessly drove peasants into collectivized land, and he tore the rich peasants from their farms and sent them into exile and labor. Stalin has abandoned the New Economic Policy—which, I think, stands for emergency aid from foreign capitalists. He has turned instead, more unrelentingly to communism. He has told the people of Russia to do without bodily comforts for five years while he is making machines. He will allow the resources to be used only for the production of heavy machines, machines that make machines, machines that make power. The machines that make shoes must wait. It sounds like a chapter of human misery, unless it is a chapter of human heroism.

If the Russian people come through they will be in a stronger position before the world. If Stalin comes through he will rank as big in the story of the revolution as Lenin. He will have a Success to offer out of a doubtful experiment.

A people cannot go through such throes without bringing back great discoveries, without winning great respect. Is it possible that Russia will be showing us in five years how to cure our economic seasickness? I don't know.

§ §

All of this brings me back to the notion of period consciousness. If we were period conscious we should see that all these movements of today are not merely standing alone but have a clear relation to the great periods before them. We can't be period-conscious until we study the present in the light of the past, and study the parish in the light of the continents. If we were period-conscious we should see that these movements are not solely materialistic strivings but rest upon what I must call by the old-fashioned term, spiritual forces; that Gandhi in India, Stalin in Russia, Mussolini in Italy, represent the desire of whole peoples to establish real values in their lives and to establish a life in which real values can exist.

The poverty of the United States lies in its ignorance and indifferentism regarding the past, which makes it incapable of understanding or managing its present. What America needs is a small army of Oswald Spenglers, a couple of Dantes, to straighten out her moral relation with Old Mother Europe, and a Milton to throw the fear of hell into her.

§ §

We have always belonged to that school of thought which regards the town meeting as of more dignity than Congress, and a town mayor's job as of more dignity than the presidency. By this we mean two things. The town meeting is closer to the realities of people, and secondly, when a thing gets big, it becomes inflated, windy, hypocritical, insincere, and full of concealment.

It naturally follows that we think The Carmelite more important than the "New York Times" or the "Cosmopolitan."

§ §

With this week, Fred O'Brien begins a regular contribution to The Carmelite. We feel it unnecessary to introduce Mr. O'Brien, whose books are known far and wide beyond The Carmelite circle. He is bound to Carmel by many associations, an old friendship with George Sterling, an admiration of the town which brings him here frequently as a visitor. We are glad to have the support of his powerful pen.

His subject this week is particularly appropriate: a review of a book by Fred Bechdolt, who lives and writes here in Carmel and is one of its human institutions.

To the readers of the "Saturday Evening Post," "Collier's," "Adventure," "McClure's" and other national magazines, Fred Bechdolt's name is well known. He has been writing history and fiction since his early newspaper days. He has worked on many news-

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papers in western cities; and spent much time in Alaska and the Pacific Northwest. Among his other volumes of western history are "Tales of the Old-Timers" and "When the West Was Young."

§ §

Just before sunset the rays coming through chinks in the pines throw long level lights that have all the iridescence of the spectrum in them, but principally orange and purple. We have always preferred the kind of painting called "studio," just because these things can't be done. Neither the grandiose in Nature, nor the sense of infinite detail in mass can be done. What can be done is the vigorous reading of it by the painter—as in Stanley Wood's work.

§ §

CONTRIBS WANTED

Carmelite readers know how to write. Many of them are professional writers. Now, professional writers often write things they can't sell, don't want to sell. It may be unnecessary to say that The Carmelite would be mighty glad to have some of those manuscripts. But we say it again.

And not only from professional writers, but from those who write a little for their own pleasure, and from those who are beginning to write, we would like to get manuscripts not disposed of otherwise. If the paying magazines will take your stuff, of course, don't give it to us. We cling to the belief, somehow, that it is writing for pay that makes the writer. But a large number of the paying magazines seem to us to represent a sharp division between the writer and the reader. The writers are a small class of experts. They understand reader psychology. They play upon the reader and the reader, being amused or entertained or excited, willingly pays for it. But there is little real communication in this between the writer and reader. Now after all, sound literature is first, last and all the time, *communication* with your readers.Every now and then a writer wants to communicate more warmly, more frankly, more informally with readers, and that kind of product, whether it be of the professional writer or the private writer "whispering down a well," is the writing that The Carmelite would be happy to publish.

A friendly and perhaps too flattering correspondent writes: " I fancy The Carmelite, in time, as a rare and influential paper. Why not gradually broaden its scope? The very remoteness of your sanctum from larger cities—your location 'above the battle'—should attract the most sincere, intimate, non-commercial effusions of the writers and artists of the mart."

We would like to have it so. We would like to have short short-stories, articles, literary criticisms, sketches, humor, poems, even a short novel to run serially. The Carmelite has an increasing subscription list of influential readers, critics, newspaper men, publishers, who will see these things.

§ §

A "Puzzled Reader" writes to take exception to our translation of bird-talk:

Regarding the particular little bird in the gulch which, you say, sings "I don't care," I would like to ask you on what authority you make that statement.

I have been hearing this bird in October for the past six years. Everyone who hears it thinks it sings something different. There are four notes when it sings the complete song, but it often gets tired and stops in the middle.

The next-door-neighbor whose wife has left him thinks it sings "Come back to me."

The young man across the way, too much beset by woman-kind, says that it sings, "Leave me alone."

My little boy says it sings "Come out and play."

I used to hear it often when I got up in the morning and I'm sure it used to sing "I'm weary too," but just now I heard it outside the window singing "You're wrong again."

§ §

YOU REMEMBER IT SOMEHOW—

A dusky little wineshop in Florence. A man like a volcano, with a mouth like a crater. He has a round curly head, coal black. He is a piano mover, Lorenzo Mori. He is reciting sonnets that he made up himself. They are perfect Petrarchian sonnets. He has never written one down in his life. He has two hundred of them in his memory. The sonnets are about the goose his neighbor won in a raffle; about the little clerk of his *sestiere* who every six months saves up enough money to ride in a carriage, smoke *toscanos* and for one day look like an American tourist; about a rival poet who is a "vile worm of a word-monger," not sincere. Every sonnet is as complete architecturally as the Strozzi palace. They will all die in his head.

LENIN IN STATE . . .

Beneath the shell-pierced domes the belfries toll,
For him whose fulminations sent a world
Reeling on its elliptic way. Some Fate unfurled—
In a strange mood of irony—the scroll of history,
That he who lies in state
Might systems crumble and inaugurate.

The pungent doubters fresh from other lands,
Where rule the whirring Gods of the Machine,
Have come to view the tomb where lies Lenin,
Iconoclasts of creeds . . . thundering commands
Which fan the latent fires of lethargy
To kindle gospels of apostasy.

With mobile mouth and sharp half-mocking eyes,
In his last argument dynamic still,
In death, laconic and invincible,
With Slavic ruthlessness the world defies,
As out of Russia—fire-tempered crucible,
Rises the magic potion of revolt!

—SOPHIE FEIDER.

Books

"GIANTS OF THE OLD WEST"

A Review written for The Carmelite by FREDERICK O'BRIEN

In these substitute days when fifty thousand Americans pay fortunes to watch a couple of dozen athletes on their feet, it serves the spirit to recall when most men lived in daily struggle with nature and savage foes. Fred Bechdolt in his new book, "Giants of the Old West," just from the Century Company press, puts the reader back in the pathless forests and plains, and on the trails from the Mississippi to the Pacific, when the pioneer was the American hero.

Today is not less perilous. Seven die every day in California in auto accidents and seventy thousand are wounded each year. Walkathons and tree-sitting test endurance. Peewee golf has its paladins. But there seems less in the present scheme of effort and prize to develop those qualities of body and mind, those powerful personalities, mankind has hailed since Leonidas.

Bechdolt gives us plenty. Men who fought wilderness, thirst, hunger and Indians during three generations, and traced the ways over the Rockies to California. Women who lived in fear and constant toil to be with such men, once at least a living was sighted. From Jefferson's sending out the first scouts to Oregon, to the stringing of the continental telegraph, Bechdolt makes a moving story of a succession of fighters and settlers, some leaders, others solitary precursors, who pushed back the screen of the unknown from east and west, who died most of them in fierce action, and who finally cleared the roads for vast occupation of prairies, mines and cities.

Bechdolt, a Carmelan since the buzz of the first saw, writes of these hardy, moody primitives of western civilization with the directness and simplicity their own characters had. He tells a plain, rugged story, mostly of desperate plight and marvelous resource; of a breed of men surely not passed in America, but which the machine, the ruling friend and foe, reveals now only in war, in such flights as Lindbergh's and Byrd's, and in the unsocial deeds of bandits, bootleggers and hijackers. The rebels against the commonplace, the regular and the crowd. In the fierce words of the new literature: men whose guts squirm against *the every day and every way the same* sort of life into which most of us jelly.

Bechdolt puts the urge of his pioneers in a sentence or two about John Colter:

> "The first of that long procession of adventurers who passed beyond the Mississippi, onward toward the setting sun, to take the West and hold it. With all the men and the uncomplaining women in the blood and dust of that mighty pageant there was a common motive: the eagerness to take a chance against the Great Unknown.

Those rude folks wanted to better themselves. They were willing to gamble certain suffering and threatening death in a wilder, mysterious country rather than to live along, as it seemed to them, dully and without likelihood of any other reward than crop-in-and-crop-out years. But for them our West of beauty and comfort, of existing power and dreamable greatness, had been long delayed.

Of those extraordinary men who struck out against all odds for excitement and money, or some for exercise of their tremendous abilities to scheme and persist, to govern men and win empire, Bechdolt has chosen ten to step his personality history up from the beginning of the nineteenth century to just past the Civil War. Colter who was with Lewis and Clark in the first march to the Pacific is followed by William Ashley and Stephen Austin and so on through the strange years of the Alamo, of the seizure of Texas, the period of Brigham Young, to Sutter of California, and the Overland Stage and Pony Express potentates who set the lines for the ultimate rails, and the Cliff House and, too, Hollywood.

There are Injun signs all over Bechdolt's book. After all, no matter if we prefer to perish nowadays by impact of motors and Mother Earth, we dearly love a fight; and no tenser combat was than that between the white adventurer and the redskin in the thickets and in the deserts of the Wild West. In "Giants of the Old West" are as good fights, as wonderful escapes, as ever pleased a porch loller or mad motorist.

Fred Bechdolt is hep to all the interesting glints of his parade of two-fisted he-men, and has made for us an easy-to-read, true yarn of the days of bold deeds, done almost in the dark of hope, which led to the incalculable spread of American dominion. Glory, also, if you like it.

Himself, the author, an expert on his theme, is in temper and sympathy one with his heroes, but like most of us moderns, like me, cribbed by conventions and cramped by duties (all despised by the Giants), to fit the frame of Model A. Ichabod, and how!

Bechdolt

Giants of the Old West

Tales of the Old-Timers When the West Was Young

The Seven Arts

baked delicacies to add the finishing touches to the menu . . .

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Picking Up a Few "Strands"

By FRANK SHERIDAN

There's another disagreeable bit in an actor's life while trouping on one-night stands and that is the early morning jumps in zero weather. By "early morning" I don't mean the seven or eight o'clock going-to-work thing; I mean four, five and six o'clock jumps where there is no transportation to the depot, which may be a half a mile or so away, with no restaurant open anywhere and the air full of frost-bites.

I'll tell of one charming little affair that will give you a chance to thank your stars, or whatever it was that influenced you to make you or your parents locate in this section of the country.

We were in Topeka, Kansas, for one night; we were to make a long jump west for another "one-nighter." Train to leave on the Sante Fe at four-thirty A. M. There was plenty of snow on the ground, but a few more inches were added that night late. The temperature was twenty-eight degrees *below zero* when we were called to make the train. From the night clerk we found that there would be no bus to take us to the depot, the reason as given being "It is too cold to take the horses out. This is a darned cold day, boys." Telling the night clerk what we thought of the bus man, the hotel and Topeka and Kansas in general, we prepared to hoof it to the depot.

I secured a stout cord and slung one of the ladies' grips on one end, mine on the other end and with them dangling from my shoulders started on the trip. Lord! wasn't it cold—twenty-eight *below*, mind you—and snowdrifts to wade through. Luckily it had stopped snowing. Half way to the station and half frozen, we came upon a little whimpering figure huddled up against a building. It was our ingenue, who had started out alone. Her grip was in the snow beside her; her cry was a weak, pathetic little moan. From the light of the street lamp I got a look at her face and dropped my two grips quickly; *the girl was freezing.* I grabbed a handful of snow and commenced to rub her face with it, hard. She tried to fight it but she got snow all over her pretty face and ears as I kept her walking up and down. "Leave me alone; leave me alone," she kept crying. The lady whose grip I carried took the girl in charge while I gathered up the luggage and drove the freezing girl ahead of me. I say drove and I actually had to drive; I shoved her and pummelled her and twice I had to slap her face, plenty, to get the blood circulating. But we finally made the depot, where there was heat, glorious heat, and heavenly coffee. As soon as the heat struck my fingers, the sharp pain told me they were frost-bitten; brisk rubbing with snow saved them.

Almost every man in the company was nipped on that never-to-be-forgotten stroll; nose, ears or fingers got it, but we all came out without loss.

There was another zero weather happening that was a bit tough. It was down in Clayton, New Mexico (the town where we played in the school house and charged them to stand on the outside and look through the windows, if you remember). We left Trinidad, Colorado, in a snow storm and along about midnight arrived at Clayton. The "hotel" (save the mark!) had to double me up with a rancher who came in on the train. Our disrobing was the taking off of shoes, hat, collar and tie, for it was cold, much cold, and the wind was howling and the snow was snowing right there in the room. This town, if you could call it a town, was in the open prairie and the sides of the "hotel" were the openest things in the county.

We piled into bed, clothes and all, and shivered and shook, and shook and shivered for an hour, then decided to take the bed clothes and go to the office, where a fire was kept going, and sleep on the floor. We did, and got a few hours' nice comfortable rest.

That "hotel" was so bad that we had to go to the general store and buy canned food in order to keep from starving, but the old coyote who ran the place charged us for meals that none of us could touch. I know where I hope he is now. But the hard knocks are quickly forgotten or laughed at—just like the hurts a boy gets in football or boxing, and one recuperates from those things quickly; so in shutting down on "one-nighters" for a while at least, I can think of nothing as appropriate as a clever recitation of Robert Frazer's—the Robert who is now playing "handsome brutes" in the "talkies":

Here's to the days of the one-night stands,
The one-street town and the Hotel Grands,
Where the only restaurant was run by a Greek,
With an all-night jump into Cripple Creek.
You'd wash your socks and turn your collar
To save a bit of that mighty dollar,
And many a time in lieu of a bunk
You'd make your bed on a Taylor trunk.

That's all I can remember of it, but the whole recitation is full of things that bring the bitter-sweet days of the actors' life in that great old period back to him in happy remembrance and I for one am glad I had the chance to live them.

(*To be continued*)

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Coal Boy

The Carmelite, in announcing its anti-book prize contest two weeks ago, said: "The disadvantage of the illiterate person seems to be that he seldom realizes how much he does know." Almost as if to prove that statement, comes the following story from an anonymous friend who recorded it a year or two ago as it fell from the lips of Thomas Rippet. In this boy's words there is the whole history of a people.

I had gone down to the dunes to take a morning off. A man slouched along the road and into the dunes nearby. A workman in blue overalls carrying a sweater over his arm. He said:

"It's a nice place."

I asked, "Have you just come to this place?"

"Yes, I just laid off work for a change. Need a rest. Have you been here long?"

"I've been here for years. I live here. Where do you come from?"

"I come off the road work between here'n Monterey."

"Quit work? Can you get it back when you want it?"

"Yeh, I can get work any time."

He had sunk down on the sand, biting at a cypress needle between his teeth. They were badly stained with yellow. He took off his hat and scratched his head, throwing the hat aside.

"This sure is a purty place. Yeh, I could allays get work alright."

"Is it the new road they're making to Monterey you're working on? I didn't know they were digging it already."

"No, surveying."

"Oh."

"It's a heap of walking."

"Were you there when they took down the handsome old live oaks. It seems a stupid business destroying them, a hundred years old, older and wiser than most of us."

"Oh you hadn't ought to run yerself down thataway," he said.

He said he wasn't a real surveyor. He hadn't no edication. He was a rodman, helped the engineer. He used to carry the rod back in Kentucky coal fields for Christy. Christy had used to say that some day he'd wake up an' be sorry.

"You know," his eyes brightened, "I noticed that myself, about them trees you speak of. Where they were taken down, it seemed all light and kind of bare like. I noticed it. Back in Kentucky there ain't nothin' else but trees. Trees and mountains. I never seen a steam engine till I was fifteen years old. I didn't have no edication. Christy used to say—Christy said I'd be sorry. He used to git after me. He sure was a good guy."

I saw him with Christy's eyes. Back of the lined forehead and the sun-reddened weathered face, a clear bony structure, a straight nose and good jaw and cheek bones. His eyes were tired and vague. "Christy must be a multimillionaire by now. Wasn't anybody knew more'n he did about coal. He could spot the coal blossoms with half an eye anywhere."

"Coal blossoms?"

"That's what they call it, the kind o' shale on the surface that tells there's coal underneath. Christy'd work it out and then we'd survey for the diggin' o' the mine. You know this here country looks like it might have coal about somewhere. Comin' over the road I noticed the curvin' layers of the rock. When they curve slantin' up thataway it means there's been a upheaval sometime back. That's where you're apt to find it."

I asked what a "seam" was, and he got to explaining just how the coal lay in seams, how the mine was laid out, first with a long tunnel, narrow, then the side corridors and rooms, the bracing of the ceiling against cave-ins, the method of knowing how weak the ground is above any given spot, how you could test it by thumping for a hollow or solid ground.

"You know like an Indian can tell lots o' things by just layin' his ear to the ground. A horse is that way too. He'll be eatin' quiet like 'n suddenly raise up an' come over where you are all excited, 'n sure enough in a little while some horses'll come by. He knowed it. They know a lot we don't."

His name was Thomas Rippet, nicknamed "Rip" by his friends. An able worker in fields that didn't satisfy his nature. Sensitive, imaginative, efficient with his hands. A day laborer who wanted to paint pictures.

He said: "I met a lady once before like you. That was five years ago. She talked to me. I allus wanted to paint pictures. I didn't have any knowledge nothin' like this today could happen. I allus heard o' Carmel. I heard once a long time ago about a place named Carmel and how it was like. I thought, if I ever could get to a place like that, if I ever could get to Carmel. I forgot all about it a long time. Then last week I was knockin' off the job for a day, and took thsis here high road east o' here toward the Highlands and Lobos they told me about. Well, I was comin' along and what did I see? I could 'a' put my eyes out with starin'. A sign said 'Carmel,' pointin' down this way. I didn't have no idea where I'd come to. And now here you are talkin' to me. It won't happen again, nothin' like that for another five years. I allus wanted to paint. One time not long ago I seed a picture just as clear in the clouds I wish was painted. I wish somebody would paint that picture. It was like this. It was in April, the eighteenth, I think; maybe it was the seventeenth on a Wednesday; no, sure it was a Sunday, the twenty-first."

He went through his pockets searching for something. "No matter, I remember, it was Sunday, 'cause I wasn't bummin' my job. I' d took a lunch and climbed a kind o' mountain and stayed up there all night. I didn't sleep but just lay there awake most of the time. I can't rightly tell you about it: I seen a beautiful face in the clouds. Just as clear. It was a lady. Her hair 'n everything. I wisht I could paint so's I could show you how it was. I've thought about that lots o' times since. The air was kind o' fresh, kind o' sweet that night with a little breeze just movin' the grasses, you know how, an' the trees around, standin' still in the dark comin' on after the sun went."

"Did you ever try writing it down? It's harder than talking perhaps, but you've got something. How did you remember that date?"

"I don't know just how. Yes. I've got it, I've kep little books in my pocket from time to time to scribble in, this thing n' that when I'm a mind to. They ain't nothin' but I do it. I lose 'em around. I thought I hed one but it's gone."

I felt like Christy. I wanted to jolt him, to say, "You'll be sorry some day."

He said: "I ain't had no edication. No use my tryin' to write. My sister she's at school in Pennsylvania. I send her the money. I can allus make money, as much as I like. It's that way, I ain't boastin'. Christy said I'd be sorry. I've had all kinds of jobs since. I used to hold the rod in the old days too. You can't do surveyin' without edication."

His stories went on and on, unconsciously meaty—sometimes, not wandering stuff. He made no distinction. I said I had to go, and he walked to the house too. At the house while I was getting bread and milk from the kitchen, he stood in the wide door looking out.

"Gee, this looks just like Kentucky. This is just like back home. Maybe if you

Coal Boy

see, don't be surprised some time if you should see a little tent over there on that hill under the trees."

I left him with pencil and paper. "Write it," I said, and went on about my work. Presently he came with what he had written. I read it and typed it. Two copies, one for him and one to keep. After a little while he went on down the road. This is what he had written; exactly his words:

When Jud Leach and I were going over to the summit of the mountain August 10, 1913, to a beautiful two thousand foot rock called the blowing rock we were hailed by loud rough language or rather loud voices and just then a volley of firing taken pla e. A family on the south eastern side of the trail, well I wont say trail because its only a creek bed we have in that country for roads. As I started to tell you about that family, it was one of those tough Bartley familys. Their home was a strate up and down plank house with clapboard roofing the house was surrounded with pumpkin vines and the beautiful morning glory vines covered the windows and around the porch as we call it down home. Well they killed one Bartley that day. Several times while standing there yella clay kicked up at my feet. I wouldnt run because they had nothing against me and besides Jud was a nephew of Jud Tolliver and he would fight his weight in wild cats. Parding me if that's a little rough but its one of my by words. Oh yes I just happened to think of the family that was fighting with Bartleys it was some of them bad Potters. How I happen to think of their names is that I used to go with beautiful litle Mary Potter, her home was and now is just at the foot of the blowing rock. One Saturday P. M. I went to their home to see her and pretty soon one of the small boys came to the front door and says, Billy, Pap wants yer to hep fetch in the still. Mary and I were both surprised as to just what might be going on. The youngste says: "Hurry, the revener is down the valley some one had just galloped up the hill and warned." So I gave him a lift. The funny part was we brought it in where Mary and I had been talking and the sealing in that room which wa the best room in the house being Mary's front room, had heavy wide bark stripped from the walnut tree which was seasoned and flattened out while drying and seasoning. Well we moved one of those strips of bark and hid that still up in there. About five p.m. Potter's brother and two sons accompanied by a revenue officer came to take that new still. They couldn't find it hard as they tried. An argument started and one of Mary's brothers shot one of his cousins in the face with a shotgun. As near as I could find out the trouble started because Mary's dad had made a rase of a new still he used to take moonshine into the mining camps and in addition to that had surved a term in Ohio State penetentry so you see he had been out where he had found out the value of a dollar and how to get them fast. For his new thirty gallon still was sure a mint.

My thoughts go back to days when the only traffic was a walnut log raft between White House and Elk-horn City, Kentucky. Elk-horn being the break of the Cumberland Mountains; to the left of the break starts the Allagheny mountain; to the right are the Cumberland, the land of my home.

It was little I knew of what I was doing when I helped Jack Hale and Ed Hollay on the surveying gang in those days. Little did the Tollivers know what was going on. I was so well liked by the tender hearted mountaineers they used to often ask me if "them-arfurnears" mightn't be "reveneer."

It was years later when I came home from the A. E. F. of France and found coal mines running twenty five thousand tons of coal from two twin tipples of that part of the Cumberlands. Little did I know when I used to stumble over out croppings and the coal blossoms where so great a wealth lay for someone. So it is, this is a sketch of days gone past. I think, as you say, I am stumbling over a great blossom but not digging in. So there you are.

NEW BOOK BY COL. WOOD

Charles Erskine Scott Wood has a new book coming out in January. It will be called "Too Much Government," with a strong attack on prohibition constituting the main lever of the argument.

The book was to have been out in September, but was so long that the price would have had to be three dollars. Colonel Wood refused to ask three dollars for a book. He withheld publication and reduced the size to that of the popular two dollar editions.

Sara Bard Field, who formerly lived in Carmel, one of its most loved poets, is completing her epic poem, "Barabas."

NOTICE

City taxes will be due and payable on Monday, October 20, 1930, and will be delinquent on Tuesday, December 30, 1930, at six o'clock P. M., and unless paid prior thereto, ten per cent will be added to the amount thereof.

Tax Collector's office open from 10 A. M. to 3 P. M.

August Englund,
Tax Collector.

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FOR RENT—Three-roomed house in gardens, with view; for one or two. Living room with fireplace. Twenty-five dollars per month. Telephone 175-W or address Box 461, Carmel.

SHOW CARD WRITING; window display counsellor. Address enquiries Emerson Hart, care of The Carmelite.

christmas ....cards

arrangements have been made with three Peninsula artists for the exclusive design of individual holiday cards . . . . . orders should be placed as early as possible

THE CARMELITE

HAPPY WITHOUT FUSS

Our outside friends sometimes know us best. The following paragraphs are from the "Wasp-News-Letter" of San Francisco:

"One hopes that Carmel will never become a standardized city with skyscrapers and traffic problems. It is such an adorable place as it is, from the shining white sands of the beach to the little shops. The late Frank Powers little thought when he planned Carmel-by-the-Sea, starting his first real estate venture there, that his Promised Land for writers and artists would ever become so noted. He would hardly have desired popularity or publicity for his arts-and-letters colony. Not anything like it has these days. But Carmel is such a rare and lovely place that even motorists who spend a few days there on their way back to standardized homes, sing its praise. So the publicity just happens, so to speak.

"Then there's old Monterey within a stone's throw, and Pebble Beach with its golf courses and millionaire's cottages. The contrast between the plutocratic group of cottages and homelike, tiny ones in Carmel is not however one that disposes writers and artists to envious splutterings. If there is one thing more than another that Carmel residents have in full measure it is the spirit of content. Society folk motor to Carmel, peek at and buy the antiques and such things in the quaint shops They take a swim, perhaps. They visit friends. They express their wonder at this and that, call attention to one or two lacks in modern conveniences. But the curious thing is when they return to their own heavily convenienced apartments or bungalows, they glance about with critical eyes, and pout, muttering that those Carmel people certainly do know how to be happy without fussing about it."

OCTOBER

Because we have always heard it said, we have come to believe that the Fall of the year is a time of sadness. But is it so?

It is a time of contours rather than of leafage. The earth is drawing back into itself the life put forth so generously in the Spring. It bares itself of decoration.

These brown hills are rich with the mystery of seed. Theirs is now the beauty of line and pure curve. Color has gone inward with the seed, but is it lost?

The joy of summer was an outer joy. Flowers were lavish with their perfumes but what had they to compare with these dry aromatic weeds and the smell of chrysanthemum leaves crushed?

It is a time of departing perhaps, but who would keep the birds whose veins are stirring to the call of warmer skies?

It is a time of death perhaps, but what is death?

Grass in its seeding-time
Stands weighted with gold.

Leaves in their falling
Unweave the dance.

Hills in their barrenness
Are purer than in Spring.

In that last break of light
So close before the dark
Earth smiles a mystery.

—DORA HAGEMEYER.

Churches

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE CHURCHES

"Everlasting Punishment" will be the subject of the Lesson-Sermon next Sunday in all Churches of Christ, Scientist. The citations which comprise the Lesson-Sermon will include the following from the Bible: "The righteousness of the perfect shall direct his way: but the wicked shall fall by his own wickedness. As righteousness tendeth to life: so he that pursueth evil pursueth it to his own death. He that diligently seeketh good procureth favor; but he that seeketh mischief, it shall come unto him." (Prov. 11:5, 19, 27.)

ALL SAINTS CHURCH

Miss Avis E. Harvey, executive secretary of religious education in the diocese of California, is coming to All Saints for five days, giving two-hour sessions in teacher training.

The course will begin on Wednesday, November fifth, at seven o'clock, and continue five consecutive evenings, excluding Sunday, from seven to nine o'clock. Those who attend the full course will be accredited with one unit on their N. A. T. A diploma. All persons interested, irrespective of denomination, are invited to attend either a part or for the full course. No fee will be charged.

On Sunday evening at seven-thirty, Mr. Penrose Hirst, student chaplain at the University of California, will meet with a group of high school boys and girls in the parish house.

On Sunday morning at the eleven o'clock service, Miss Harvey will speak.

THE CARMELITE JUNIOR

OCTOBER 30, 1930

NUMBER 33

JOE SCHOENINGER EDITOR

OUR VIEWS

OUR POOR OLD RIVER

In The Carmelite Junior through the summer vacation there appeared a lot of articles about the Carmel River They were put in because the river was about the best place in Carmel for kids to play in and about. Now, however, the river has grown quite bum. Where there was nice clear water, there is a lot of dirt. Of course, the dirt is mostly due to the fact that the river has not yet overflowed into the ocean and cleaned itself. But if you go down there now you will see: A dumping place for all kinds of rubbish at the gate. A Sanitary Disposal plant at one side, a sand dump for mixing cement inthe center of the beach and a tobbaggan slide made out of unfinished wood right on the water's edge. These things are very harmfull to the river and I wish they could be demolished.

THE ENGLISH WORK AT SUNSET SCHOOL

In our English at school the classes are interesting, believe it or not! We have Miss Townsend as our instructor this year. The reason they are interesting is that Miss Townsend has arranged "clubs' for us. They are all different and there are four of them. They are called "Drama," "Hobby," "Debates," and "The Class Newspaper."

We all belong to one club, which ever we have chosen and then we have to report on certain days when the reports are due. It is a kick and a lot better than the other work. However, we have quite a bit of the other wokr also. It will be very interesting to hear the reports which will be given next week. There will probably be some material in the Junior about these clubs.

A GOOD RIDE

Saturday before last, three of my friends and I went horseback riding. We went five miles up the valley and as we were coming back we decided to ride down the bed of the river. It was dry clear down to the mouth. At the mouth there was a channel about four or five yards wide . At first I didn't want to cross because I thought it might be too deep, but I was finally persuaded to cross providing they crossed first. They got across without any trouble, their horses only getting wet up to the knees. I let my horse have its head as I usually did on the ranch, when crossing a river, as a horse is supposed to know where the shallowest part of the river is.

This horse was different, though, as I found out pretty soon, for as I let him go he took to the deepest part instead and forced me to swim, much to my disgust!

The saddle got partly wet, and I was wet clear up to my knees, but we stayed out for another hour, anyway. I was fairly dry when I got home. (Ad. for our Calif. sun.)

We were out three hours altogether and had a good time in spite of the accident.

Eileen Overhulse.

WHITHER CARMEL?
HOLLYWOOD SPANISH?

I think John Bathen is right.
About "Whither Carmel?"
About the houses that 'Carmelites" build.
All Spanish, not Carmelitish.
I think Metz Durham is right.
About his song, "Hollywood Spanish, That's All."
About our stuccoed, tiled huts.
O well, no use.
They keep right on building
Spanish houses.

SOMETHING ABOUT CANADA
VANCOUVER LEGENDS No.6

The most delightful introduction to British Columbia that I can think of is the reading of E. Pauline Johnson's "Legends of Vancouver." She was the daughter of Chief Johnson of the Six Nations Indians, her Indian name was Tekahionwaki.

She spent many years on the Pacific Coast and collected these legends from her old tillicum (friend), Chief Joe Capilano of Vancouver, whom she first met on a visit to England in 1906, where,, thousands of miles from home she was able to greet him in the Chinook tongue.

One of the most delightful is of the flood and is called "The Deep Waters." She says, "My royal old tillicum had come to see me through the rains and mists of late winter days. The gateways of my wigwam always stood open—very widely open—for his feet to enter, and this especial day he came with the worst downpour of the season." Then he tells her how after long weeks of rain, the mountain streams were swollen and the land was slowly being flooded. Then the tribes met together on the shores of Lake Beautiful, high up in the mountains. The men hewed down a giant cedar and made a huge canoe. The women plaited the cedar roots to make a mighty cable to hold it and chewed and chewed on it to make it pliable. Then they put all the children, the youngest mother and a young brave in the canoe with fresh water and food. "There was no wailing, no crying out for safety. 'Let the little children, the young mother and the bravest and best of our young men live,' was all the farewell those in the canoe heard as the waters reached th summit." After many days the flood subsided. "All down in the vast country that lies between Mount Baker and the Fraser River they made a new camp, built new lodges where the little children grew and thrived and lived and loved, and the earth was repeopled by them."

Joyce Burtt

Miscellaneous Mishaps

COLLECTED BY DANNY LOCKWOOD.

Miss Townsend: Bernice, stop talking to Betty.

Bernice: I wasn't talking to her; I was talking to myself.

Miss Townsend: Well, people who talk to themselves are usually on their way to a certain institution.

*****

Norman B., giving report on the life of President Hoover:

"His father was the village blacksmith and when he was four years old he died."

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